THE

WEEKLY REVIEW,

AND

DRAMATIC CRITIC.

CONTENTS.

Green-Room Gossip, . . .	*Page*	46
Edinburgh Amusements—		
Theatre-Royal, ...		47
Adelphi Theatre, ...		48
Mrs Fanny Kemble's Readings, . .		49
Edinburgh Harmonists' Society, . .		ib.
A Christmas Carol for 1852, . . .		50
Modern Dramatic Patrons, . . .		51
Songs of Shakespearian Title, No. 2, . .		52
Sam Cowell's Collection of Comic Songs— "Sammy Slap"—"Mr Tomkins"—"When a Man Weds"—"A Didactic Parody"—(*to be continued.*)		

Price 2d.

EDINBURGH:

H. ROBINSON, 11 GREENSIDE STREET.

GLASGOW: LOVE, NELSON STREET; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Green Room Gossip.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, Dec. 20.

DEAR SIR,—I have not much to tell you in continuation of my letter last week. The only information I can forward to you is, that H. Wallack goes to Drury Lane.

Sam. Cowell, the Edinburgh favourite, is to have the honour of performing at Windsor Castle before the Queen and Court.

Our little friend, Saker, will also have the same honour.

The opening piece at Drury Lane is a version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Fitzball.

The Olympic pantomime is "Queen Mab." The celebrated Edwards, as you are aware, plays clown.

Bartley took his farewell of the stage at the Princess's on Saturday night. The house was literally crammed. He spoke a farewell address very feelingly.

Mr Henry Butler, of the Royal Lyceum Theatre, is publishing a very useful book as an Almanac and Directory. It will be the means of facilitating travelling, and be found a most useful reference.

The Lyceum burlesque will, I understand, surpass their former efforts in every department.

Miss Robertson (late of the Princess's) goes to the Lyceum, and we are convinced will prove an attraction there.

Mrs Keeley's "Topsy" is spoken of as being a very *great* performance.

On the occasion of the Corsican Brothers being played for the 100th time in the Princess's, Mr Kean had a magnificent supper laid in the green room, to which the whole of his company were invited. You shall hear from me next week.—Yours, &c.

THE HUNGARIAN MALE INFANT.

WEEKLY REVIEW,

&c. &c.

No. 5.] FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1852. [Price 2d.

Edinburgh Amusements.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Saturday, last night of the season.—"The Merchant of Venice" was produced this evening with an excellent cast—Mr Bruce Norton taking the character of *Shylock*, which he filled admirably; Miss Cleaver, *Portia; Bassanio*, Mr Leslie; *Gratiano*, Mr H. Bland, and *Nerissa*, Mrs Eburne. The piece was well sustained throughout. After the play, Mr Leslie came forward, and was received with repeated rounds of applause (we quote the *Mercury*):—"After alluding to the difficulties with which he and his partner were surrounded when first they undertook the management of the theatre, he referred, amid the loud cheers of the audience, to the manful determination they had uniformly maintained, to surmount every obstacle, and to the faithful manner in which they had redeemed all their promises (hear hear.) We have not only (he said) employed a resident company of numbers and talent—an orchestra of acknowledged efficiency—(cheers)—and attained a reputation, as respects scenery, which I trust our Christmas pantomime will do more than confirm—but we have prevailed on your old favourite, Mr T. P. Cooke, to step from his retirement—and we have introduced, after a lapse of years, that talented and versatile actress, Miss P. Horton, to your notice (hear hear.) Miss Helen Faucit has also fulfilled a remarkably brilliant and most successful engagement; and when I venture to remind you that every London novelty we have been the first to bring forward, I trust you will acknowledge that we have not been altogether idle in your service" (loud cheers). Mr Leslie then stated that financially the season had been on the whole successful, and announced that Miss Faucit would make a reappearance early next week, and that Mr Webster, Madame Celeste, Mr Buckstone, Mrs Fitzwilliam, Mrs Sterling, and Miss P. Horton, had been engaged. After again thanking them for the patronage they had received, Mr Leslie retired amid loud applause.

It was very gratifying to see so good a house on this occasion. The very pleasing ballet of "The Star of the Rhine" followed, and was, as usual, applauded throughout. We cannot too often repeat, that Miss Adele is by far the best dancer we have had in Edinburgh for many years. We are followed out in this opinion by all who *have* seen her; and we furthermore advise those who have *not*, to lose no time in visiting the Theatre Royal and judging for themselves. Mr Martin plays the Burgomaster with excellent taste, and is well supported by Mr Leopold, as his clerk.

We are truly glad to hear, that it is proposed by some friends of

the drama, that those who value this time-honoured establishment should pay a mark of respect to Messrs Rollison and Leslie, the present spirited lessees and managers, who have already done so much to maintain the efficiency of the Theatre Royal since it passed into their management, by entertaining them to a public dinner in Rampling's Hotel, Waterloo Place, on Tuesday, 11th January 1853—Major Mair in the chair. It is a compliment they are well deserving of, and will, no doubt, be fully attended.

PERFORMANCES OF THE WEEK.

Friday, Dec. 17.—Esmeralda—Star of the Rhine—The Edinburgh Gents.

Saturday, Dec. 18.—The Merchant of Venice—Star of the Rhine—Cramond Brig.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Tuesday—The annonncement that Miss Louisa Pyne, and party, were to appear this evening in "The Crown Diamonds," filled the house in every part soon after the doors were opened. It is expected that the present engagement will be the most profitable one that Mr Wyndham has made. It was not to be wondered at that, at the commencement of their former visit, the houses were not so good as now, they being perfect strangers to the city; but in a wonderfully short space of time Miss L. Pyne's splendid talent became the subject of remark in every one's mouth; and truly is her popularity deserved, for she is one of the most finished singers we have heard. Perhaps no small addition to her attraction is her surprising likeness to our beloved Queen. One may almost fancy, while looking at Miss L. Pyne, in the opera of "The Crown Diamonds," that Her Majesty is before us. The absence of Mr Somers was a great drawback to the general effect—the omission of his music, in consequence of Mr Joseph's having undertaken the part, caused a disagreeable break in the concerted pieces, and his *speaking* instead of *singing* through the accompaniment, not only sounded harshly on the ear, but must have annoyed Miss Pyne exceedingly. Messrs Borrani and Harrison were warmly received, and encored in one or two songs. At the conclusion, the party was called on, and Miss Lousia Pyne was presented with a handsome bouquet, by a lady in the stage-box. This was done on each night of her last engagement.

On Wednesday "Sonnambula" was played to a well-filled house, and on Thursday "The Crown Diamonds" was repeated to a most fashionable and crowded audience. On this occasion we think Miss Lousia Pyne even exceeded her former efforts, if that were possible; at least her execution of "Rode's celebrated air, with variations," appeared to us more distinct and beautiful than we had previously conceived it.

Mr Davenport and Miss Vining continue to support the regular drama in the Adelphi with their acknowledged talents. In the often repeated piece of "Therese," last night, Miss Vining appeared to great advantage as the "Orphan of Geneva."

Madlle. D'Antonie, the celebrated danseuse, took her benefit on Monday evening, and appeared for the last time on Tuesday. She is certainly one of the most accomplished ballet performers we have yet seen in the Adelphi.

PERFORMANCES OF THE WEEK.

Friday, Dec. 17.—Armand—La Vivandiere—Gale Breezely.
Saturday, Dec. 18.—Wallace—La Vivandiere—The Rag Picker of Paris.
Monday, Dec. 20.—The Green Hills of the Far West—Lallah Rookh—The Dumb Girl of Manchester.
Tuesday, Dec. 21.—The Crown Diamonds—The Daughter of the Rhine—Gale Breezely.
Wednesday, Dec. 22.—Sonnambula—The Daughter of the Rhine—Faint Heart never won Fair Lady.
Thursday, Dec. 23.—The Crown Diamonds—Therese.

MRS FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS.

This talented lady, who has been engaged to deliver a series of readings from Shakespeare, gave the first of the series on Monday night, in the Queen Street Hall, to a numerous and highly fashionable audience. The play selected was "Much ado about Nothing," a drama, the varied characters in which afforded Mrs Kemble ample scope for the display of her astonishing histrionic powers. The brilliant wit which sparkles through the keen intellectual encounters of Beatrice and Benedict lost none of its point in her hands; nor could the immortal Dogberry have found a representative who better understood or appreciated him. But all the characters were equally well sustained, and, at the close of the play, the loud and hearty applause of the audience testified their sense of the high intellectual treat which had been afforded them. The second reading by this lady was given on Wednesday evening, to a large audience. It is needless to say that in the tragedy of "King Lear," the play selected for the occasion, the genius of Mrs Kemble shone out in its full vigour. The picture which she presented of the old King, deserted by his daughters, and exposed to the fury of the elements, was grand in the extreme; nor will the impression soon be effaced from the recollection of those who were present.

EDINBURGH HARMONISTS' SOCIETY.

On Monday, the *Edinburgh Harmonists' Society* had their annual dinner in the Waterloo Hotel, Alexander Morrison, one of the Vice-Presidents, taking the chair, in consequence of the absence of Colonel Macdonald of Powder Hall. An excellent dinner was provided by Mr Rampling, and the evening was spent truly in harmony. Many songs and glees were sung by the professional members, Messrs Kenward, Ebsworth, Gleadhill, and several amateurs. During the evening, two beautiful crystal goblets (presented to the society by the late Gilbert Innes of Stow, their first president), were sent round filled

with claret, as the loving cups—in imitation of a praiseworthy custom at the Lord Mayor's dinner in London, and which seemed to give *general* satisfaction, for there was not one teetotaller present. The company broke up about twelve o'clock, highly delighted with their entertainment.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL for 1852.

(*Written for the Review.*)

Old Christmas he comes but once a year,—
But when all our hearts he makes merry;
And as he neareth he wafteth us cheer—
Haste to deck up the every green berry.

The famed holly, to memory dear,
Tells of laughing, and dancing, and song,
So we'll bid the old friend welcome here,
And the day shall be merry as long.

For Christmas comes joyous with mirth,
And we join in the rollicking laugh;
'Tis the day that is brightest on earth,
For we meet in dear friendship's behalf.

Hang the misletoe up from the roof—
Let the yule log spark briskly and bright,
For hearts against sadness are proof,
Jolly Christmas will bring us delight.

E'en as children—the first time we hear,
The word "*Christmas*"—Oh, days of old home—
Fondly treasure the word in our ear,
And long that the season would come.

As the simplest with soul then rejoice,
So sad wretches snatch hope in distress;
For the time speaks with eloquent voice,
"This one day your anguish is less."

To the sailor at sea in the storm,
To the weary in deserts afar,
To the aged, decrepid, frail form,
Bright old Christmas shines forth like a star.

Even sickness looks up with a smile,
Down in dungeons, though hoping in vain;
The prisoner will rise on the morn,
And say, "Christmas thou'rt welcome again."

And the humble, in rustic retreats,
Will have poverty chased from the door;
Where the heart of the squire beats aright,
And it whispers "pray think of the poor."

At the palace, the hut, or the hall;
Sea or land its hilarity share;
The full mirth of the advent's for all;
Jolly Christmas cheers everywhere.

The long absent appear at our door—
As the bells peal their welcoming strain,
And when this year's fond pastime is o'er,—
Why, we'll welcome next Christmas again. FAG.

MODERN DRAMATIC PATRONS.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

According to our contemporary, *The News*, there is no further occasion for theatres, actors for dramas, or dramas for actors. The genteel world has taken to read periodicals, and this can supersede and far surpasses song and dance, elocution and expression, picture and companionship. The huge minds of our aristocrats can dress up gorgeous scenery, listen to harmonious warblings, attend to profound language, and by a great stretch of the imaginative facility, see graceful forms and lovely faces smiling round, (as only fair and beauteous faces can smile,) and with whom it is our pride to share in sympathy, with the joy or intensity of the scene.—

"But mark me, 'tis but fancy's sketch."

The *News* may fancy itself an oracle, but the drama can never dwindle to the utter insignificance and nothingness that that journal ventures to predict. It is just now the fashionable "Snobism" of society to denounce theatrical amusements, unless it is appeased by "concentrated Grisis," "treble distilled Marios," "amalgamated Macreadys," or "Siddonian condensation;" but fortunately the theatres do not depend upon the perfumed peacocks of society; and, to the shame of the upper classes be it spoken, they leave it to the merchants, tradesmen, and industrious portion of the community; and, who to do them full justice, sustain it nobly, honestly, and heartily; so a fig for the patronage of the fortunately wealthy, they are a mere feather, an air bubble in the balance. The true support then of our theatres is from the middle and humbler classes, who really do patronise these delightful establishments; aye, and keep a seat too, reserved for my Lord, or the Right Hon. Sandy Augustus Moustache, to luxuriate in when the spirit of the drama chances to move them. The modern dramatic patrons, therefore, can well afford to laugh at the high born *strut*, who takes his siesta after his cigarette, and wakes to the dissipation of one in the morning.

If the theatres commenced their performances at midnight, the aristocracy (heaven save the mark!) might be more constant attenders, or the loungers of an inattentive hour. Take the receipts of the theatres in Edinburgh, the proud capital in all broad Scotland, and the boxes would be units, while pit and gallery amounted to hundreds; ye proud, genteel ones, yours is the mite, the atom in the scale; poor slaves to fashion or caprice. But you read penny serials, and we must sink our indignation in the *Family Journal*, and worship you at the shrine of the *Weekly Miscellany*; at the same time we do not for a moment doubt the reading qualifications of the middle classes, only we believe that they can *read*, *mark*, aye, and *direct* too. The drama now requires a *press* continually to draw attention to it, to speak its many charms and its great merits, not to take up the sickly echo of "Aw! aw! we want Sontag." Do you? You would pay for a box ticket four times in a

season to hear Sontag or Grisi. Psha, bang your gentility; the working classes give that amount 40, aye, 50 times over. Why the military, whose names were once a tower of strength, are sunk into insignificance; put up their patronage now, and the glare of their red coats are valueless; while, in some cases, the insolence in granting or refusing their favour assumes a consequence that is laughable, and a hauteur that breeds contempt. Mr Steel of Tron Work Hall, or Mr M'Castor of Hatto, is worth a whole battalia. We have seen the military patronage in this city muster a most miserable "account of empty boxes;" aye, and clubs too; club-house patrons attract about as gorgeous an array. Twenty persons seated in the boxes on these occasions is *grand*, but a couple of dozen is *gorgeous*. Psha, let our managers seek the patronage of *bakers*, *tailors*, *drapers*, *factors*, or any large house of business, and they would sweep them down like reeds. Some are deterred, by foolish fanatical reasons, from visiting the 'temple of the muses;' but let them endeavour to banish these mistaken notions and mix freely in the rational amusement of mankind. The drama can never decline or become extinct while recreation is necessary to the human mind: labour needs repose; amusement will divert that mind and give the ease required. It repays our toil, while we can work with renewed vigour from the recollection of the gratifying result.

SONGS OF SHAKESPEARIAN TITLE.—No. III.

"She pined in thought."—TWELFTH NIGHT.

Pure, heavenly contemplation, love divine,
Dwelt in her heart like pent up thoughts of fire;
Vibrating cords that flame at cupid's shrine,
With rapturous tones, as swept th' immortal lyre.
Sweet, patient love, so sacred in its might,
In solitude with brightest beauties shone,
Like some fair star, the mistress of the night,
Whose light was guide for one to paths unknown.

Fair, modest, maid, where loveliest charms we trace,
So mild, so gentle, yet of passion strong;
Whose golden ringlets shade a lovely face;
Soft eyes, that set thy tender heart in storm;
Oh, happy he, could share thy thoughts so bright,
For as her days increase, she loves thee more;
Raises her idol on the altar's height,
And prays that she may live but to adore.

But love, alas! consumed by slow degrees,
And hopeless passion burns in every pore;
The hectic flush, with rose-like bloom, decrees
The fated worm to prey upon the core.
Still unrequited; love unspoken still—
Love murmured fondly with her fainting breath;
And silent but to God she waits his will,
Heaves a last sigh, and calmly sinks in death.

FAG.

PRINTED BY J. AND W. PATERSON, 90 SOUTH BRIDGE.